

A California Orator's Affair with a Bull-Dog.

A sanguinary red bull-dog was one of the most marked features at the Bench Show in the early part of the week. So abnormally savage was this creature that his food was always thrown to him from a convenient distance, and his drink pushed to him by means of a long pole. He was in a state of sullen fury from the moment he arrived at the pavilion, and made numerous attempts to break his powerful chain and attack the dogs and the spectators. On Thursday afternoon, while Colonel W. H. L. Barnes was standing about the middle of the hall, and explaining, doubtless, to Mr. Pond and some other gentlemen his failure to orate as advertised on the opening night, a terrible outcry was heard in the direction of the bull-dog department. The red dog referred to had in some way slipped his collar and instantly seized a small child, the daughter of Mr. Enos Rockley, the lumber merchant, whom it was apparently tearing to pieces. There was probably not one of the group of gentlemen referred to lacking in physical courage, but the three who were most conspicuous in the "tackling" unarmed are a well-known and a bull-dog. However, Colonel Barnes instantly rushed forward and seized the canine demon by the throat. Fortunately the beast's fangs contained more of the child's dress than his flesh, and by tearing the former the other gentleman released the girl from her dangerous position, and with only a bad-looking flesh-wound. The scene that followed was horribly exciting. The doubly-enraged dog turned with terrific snarls upon the Colonel, who held him with both hands by the throat. The animal weighed over fifty pounds, and was unusually powerful, and after an exhausting struggle the Colonel, who is fortunately an exceptionally strong man, found his only chance was to hold the dog bodily up from the floor at arm's length. All this time a messenger had been dispatched to obtain a dog from a Mission-Street saloon, there being none at the bystanders. At the critical moment this arrived, and the muzzle being inserted into the ear of the foaming brute, his canine intellect was distributed rather unpleasantly over the clothes of the spectators. "How do you feel, Colonel?" was asked, as the dog was kicking. "I feel like a little brandy," he replied, as he held up his still cramped and livid hands. "I feel like a little brandy," he replied, as he hoped he got it. —San Francisco News-Letter.

The Pronunciation of "Argan."

[From the Worcester Spy.] Some inquiry having been made to the proper pronunciation of the word "Argan," the opinion of Professor Whitney, of Yale College, was requested, and is given in the following note:

NEW HAVEN, November 2. My Dear Sir,—Argan, comes from the Sanskrit word argan, which means a conchshell, and is consonantal. Both for this reason, and in order to distinguish it from the very different word Aram, it is properly (and among scholars, uniformly) uttered as two syllables—Arg-an, the ar having the same sound as our familiar are. With much respect, yours truly, W. D. WHITNEY.

We have no objection to make to the sentence of Asa Magoon, a man who murdered his wife in Vermont, to be hanged.—Providence Journal.

If he murdered his wife to be hanged, let him be hanged.

"Old S." TALKS OF THE TELEPHONE.—Old S. heard someone about the telephone, and endeavored to enlighten his friends: "Now de convenshuns ob man is wonderful!"

"What ar' de new improbmunt dat de fokes is labiner on now?" queried Pete. "Well, yer's heard tell of de telegraph wahn shon de wahn from pole ter pole 'an talk by de tip-top moshun?"

"I see dead!" "Den, agin, yer's heard ob de fourmurgy dat dis obertypen what de speaker says on de spot by de congresshuns ob de fust prinerprunks, which ar' de pot-hooks ar' rafter ob de writin' book?"

"Oh, yes, dat's precekerberd my 'tention, too."

"Well, dis heah tellerphone jess lays ober dem all wus dan tiffin' water ter de elemphint fer er free pass do ober crawlin' in onder de kavans?"

"An' what kin de tellerphone do dat hit ar' 'n' sold?"

"Wah, yer jess goes along an sees er sorter young widdin' dinnah bell-yeer-picks it up, talks in de big end, de voice transmits itself 'long de wiah, an' de fokes in de nex' State heahs what yer sava jess same ez de ocy wahn in de edjinnin' room wud de doah ocy wahn."

"Aw, co way! You's talkin' ez er yer thought we niggers done loss all our gumpshun!"

"Hit's er bo'n' lack—houpe ter die ef taint! Dar ain't no hoodoo 'bout dis bizness."

"Look heah ole man, you wants ter go home an' hang er hoss-oh' ober yer ears ter keep de witches fun roostin' in em'!"

"Dat's allus de way wid you niggers—nuffin' ain't nebbber done fer yer dat yer don't try to go back on hit."

"How ar' dat?"

"Cause dis heah tellerphone ar' de prime 'spenshuns ob providence fer de inclusive benefit, ob de culled race. Wah's de use ob han' writin'?"

"Whar's de needness ob skools an' unversities?"

"Whar's de 'vantiges ob high-one addicshuns, when enny kinder nigger kin jess better in de tellerphone, ager dat heah 'an tal' bizness wahn de fokes ob fokes outer town?"

"Dat's what I wants ter kno' 'um de 'sembly'!"

The telephone was unanimously endorsed.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Economy.—"We have to practice the most rigid economy at such times as this," remarked a man the other day to a crowd on the sidewalk. "I 's' he stopped all the papers for which I formerly subscribed, and don't buy any more candy, toys, and such trumpery for the children; times are hard. Come in, boys, and take a drink?"

One of the most monotonous things in life is to sit at a concert beside a fellow who recites a prayer to a crowd of "splendid," which is uttered after every piece performed. If the fellow would only vary it with "bully," "red-hot," "bang up," "just the cheese," or some such critical observation, the monotony would be removed.—Boston Traveller.

Minister Stoughton is a gentleman of considerable personal vitality, which once re-acted a severe blow in court when the judge asked, "Who appears for the plaintiff?" "I do, sir," replied a young lawyer just admitted. "And who for the defendant?" "One Stoughton, sir, I believe," was the reply. Stoughton was in court at the time, and it is said that what was the day his hair began to turn white.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"You don't get any money out of me," said he, as the man presented his bill. "I'm a savings bank—that's what I am." And the creditor went disconsolately away.

The silver bill is Bill Sharon of Nevada.—Worcester Press.

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